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A POEM
On the late Happy
VICTORY
OVER THE
TURKS.

24. Aug. 1687.

HAD We a Muſe ſucceſsful as thy Sword,
Thy Deeds *Lorrain*, ſhould have their juſt Record:
Thy Fame an everlaſting Date ſhould keep,
The *Æneid* fall, and *Homers* Fable ſleep.
Thy Fame paſt Ages Glory has engroſs'd,
Thou Second Leader of a Sacred Hoſt.
'Twas great the promis'd *Canaan* to obtain;
'Twas great to Win, but greater to Regain.
Run taſter, *Drave*, with *Turkiſh* Gore ſuppli'd,
And to the *Euxine* bear thy Purple Tide;
Till the proud Monarch in the Sanguin Flood,
Sees juſt Attonement made for Chriſtian Blood.
Bear the fell Tidings to his Palace Gate,
And bid *Byzantium* look for *Buda's* Fate.
It was too much, proud Foe, t' have kept your Poſt,
Againſt th' Aſſault of our Imperial Hoſt.
Your waining Moon 'gainſt riſing Chriſtendom,
'Twas Victory then not to be ore-come;
But Fated Mortals ever tempt their Doom.
Their haſty Troops miſconſtru'd our Retreat,
And follow'd Conqueſt to their own Defeat.
This, brave *Lorrain*, this was thy Nobleſt Fight,
Who like a *Parthian* Conquer'ſt in thy Flight.
Behold both Chiefs, tho with late Slaughter tir'd,
Once more Encamp'd, and for new Action fir'd:
But ſince on Each an Empire is at ſtake,
Each checks his Flame, and waits the Foe's Attack.
The famiſh'd Lions thus their Rage reſtrain,
Till folded Flocks come forth into the Plain:

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What ſhou'd our Gen'ral do? the Foe immur'd
With late Experience lies too well ſecur'd:
Nor can He tempt them forth, (that Valor's juſt
That to an open Field its Fate would Truſt)
Each Method will alike deſtructive prove,
T' Aſſault is Vain, and fatal to Remove.
Since then He may not Fight, and ſcorns to Fly,
A ſeeming Flight ſecures his Victory.
Detachments of whole Legions are withdrawn,
Whoſe weak Remainder Lures the *Ottoman*.
At certain Spoil and Conqueſt they aſpire,
But meet Reſiſtance that half damps their Fire.
The Valiant Few th' unequal ſhock ſuſtain,
Till their Returning Friends ſurround the Plain,
No more the Trenches th' Entrench'd Confine,
But Sallying, in the noble Slaughter join;
In Vain th' Incumber'd Infidels retreat,
Their Numbers now but ſerve to urge their Fate.
By their own Troops their Infantry's ore-run,
And both by their cloſe-preſſing Foes undone.
So, when the Waves retir'd, th' *Egyptian* Bands,
Advanc't preſumptuous on th' uncover'd Sands,
Till for Eſcape too late, too far from Coaſt,
The ſwift ſurrounding Waves ——
Return'd and ſwallow'd the Blaſpheming Hoſt.

Where now was *Britains* Young and riſing Star,
Cæſario, fair as Peace yet form'd for War;
By *Cæſar* ſent to honorable Toil,
To reap Renown, while others Hunt for ſpoil;
What Fate, what Charm the noble Youth withheld,
From ſharing the firſt Wreaths of this illuſtrious Field?
An Envious Sickneſs intercepts his Courſe,
Diſarms thoſe Hands that Brav'd the *Sultan's* Force.
While Fate, in Plea of this diverted Fame,
Cry's *BUDA* has already Crown'd his Name.
Nor *Britains* Noble Brood was wanting There,
The foremoſt Dangers, foremoſt Fame to Share;
Who through the World this Character have paſt,
(How 'ere the Fields Succeſs by Fate is caſt,)
The Firſt in On-ſett, in Retreat the Laſt.
'Twas Doom'd, when *Cæſar*, *Britains* Sun, ſhould Riſe,
The *Turkiſh* Moon muſt Sett, her Creſcent Dyes.
Spight of all *Pagan* Arms ——
Combin'd to work the Fate of *Chriſtendom*,
And moſt *Unchriſtian-Chriſtian* Foe's at Home.

F I N I S.

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